THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 35.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 60.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE YEAR.

THE Wanderer has seldom diverted the attention of his readers entirely from subjects of literature to those of morality, but the conclusion of another year and the reflections it occasions, induces him to bring before their view that beautiful apologue of sacred history that relates the story of the prodigal son.

"A certain man, (says the parable) had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father—Father give me that portion of goods that falleth to me."

With the thoughtless impetuosity of youth he was desirous of rushing beyond the limits of parental authority; he sighs for the power of being his own master, longs to possess the hoarded treasures of his venerable parent, in vain expectation that wealth will purchase a reprieve from care and realize those visions of pleasure which the sanguine temper of youthful inexperience is too apt to indulge.

"And he divided unto them his living."

I can see the good old man with kindness at his heart and sorrow in his eye, looking with painful emotions on this ill-judging child of pleasure as he complies with his unreasonable request. Wherefore my son, says he, are you about to depart from us? When you quit your father's house you will indeed *leave home*. Pain and disappointment and misfortune lurk among the most pleasing circles of the thronged and busy world. You will need the prudence of age, the cautions of experience, and the kind admonitions of friendship and regard. Trust not my son with vain credulity to your own imagined wisdom, nor believe those steps are secure where your inexperience anticipates no danger. Here we have watched over your infancy with tenderness, and your riper years with delight. Why will you leave this asylum of security for the tumults and the troubles of life?

But you are determined to be acquainted with new scenes and new manners. Remember then, in all your conduct, that industry is wealth and that honesty is honor. I am enabled to give you a sufficient portion of goods to allow you to begin life with reputation, and if you place your reliance on the favour of providence, I hope you may terminate with success.

"And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

And what did he there? Did he devote his talents to some useful occupation? Was he distinguished

for the industry of his habits, the nobleness of his feelings? Did he return the old-man's goodness by following his principles and repay a debt of gratitude by a life of honor? —No—

"He wasted his substance with riotous living." Giving loose to uncontrouled appetites and unlawful desires, he pursued the phantoms of pleasure through all their circles of deception with the sacrifice of his reputation, his fortune and his health. Forgetful of the admonitory precepts and the indulgent generosity of his father, he throws away the peace of his mind and the integrity of his character for the momentary gratification of licentious and dishonorable passions.

"And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land."

Miserable and deceived young man! At a distance from every thing which once had connection with your interests; among strangers oppressed with their own wants and probably disgusted with your intemperance and folly; with no other friends than the companions of the gaming table or dissolute profligates in more abandoned iniquity, you find too late the folly of your actions, and are to be awakened by calamity into sorrow and remorse.

"And he began to want."

No wonder that he is now refused admission to those tables of luxury which once courted the display of his wealth; that he no longer hears those sounds of affection which were once lavished on his ears. The bright visions that were opening on his gay and thoughtless course are fading away in the general calamity; he is left to contend at pleasure with distress and terror; with the loss of property and the danger of life.

"And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine."

Indeed!—Could then the impatient prodigal, who had quitted even the ease and security of a father's house for greater relaxation and pleasure, descend of his own accord to the most humiliating of employments. Could he who had left the very bosom of friendship flushed with the promised joys of encreased delight, who had rioted amid the charms of beauty and music, he who had been accustomed to superfluity and elegance and to all the blandishments of easy life, could he stoop to a menial employment? Necessity has no pride, and folly no limit to its degradation.

"He would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat."

Yes—that pampered appetite which had feasted on the choicest viands and the richest wines, that had gratified itself with whatever riotous luxury could command, was now reduced to the mortifying desire of making the swine his companions, the ground his table, and the husks his food. Even here he is disappointed.

"No man gave unto him."

To what an abject and humble situation is the young votary of pleasure reduced. From the peace and the affluence and the respect that attended him in his father's house among kinsfolk and friends, he had trifled away his stock of prosperity, and you find him in distress, wretchedness and degradation in a foreign country, among strangers with no ability to make himself useful, and no virtue to command respect.

In compassionating the situation of this ill-advised pupil of dissipation, let us take care, that we are not in disguise paying the debt of pity to our own follies. Who of us

during the year that is now about to close, but has crossed the path of wisdom as widely as the unfortunate prodigal? The Wanderer will be read by very few who have not on the whole had much more cause of gratitude than complaint during this annual period, but how many have been as anxious as the prodigal to change their destined scene, to alter their determined fate, to roam abroad in search of wider pleasure? How many like him have left industry for amusement, neglected the cautions of experience for the levities of youth and lost sight of the purposes of life in overweening desire to participate its charms. Pursue then the similitude if it has once been begun. Shake off the fetters of habit and the restraints of pride. Arise and return to the path once injudiciously forsaken. Return like the prodigal with resolutions of amendment and the favor which protected *him* will he found not diminished in cheerfulness or powers. Let the new year be the witness of a new life—let us leave that servility to the passions which degrades us beneath a feeder of swine and determining on the attainment of virtue, make our zeal the gurantee of success. E.

For the Emerald.

CHARACTER.

An author's first book gets his name reputation, and his name then gives currency to the rest. The influence of an acquired character is predominant in every circle of life. Where we have once found valuable information, we turn with confidence for a second supply. The tree that has once produced good fruit is again expected to flourish with equal luxuriance, without allowance being made for the decays of strength or the waste of time. All this might be natural and excusable if it went no farther, but an impression once made is with difficulty extinguished. We surrender our judgment to habits of approbation, and often take the source whence an article is derived as the criterion of its merits. In fashion this sentiment is law. Who ever examines into the convenience or beauty of its decorations? It is sufficient that the last importation has brought an article directly from St. James' or St. Cloud to give it general currency and value.—Whether it be that in winter you are to be arrayed in muslins or with furs in July, still is found the same universal acquiescence, as if it were treason to doubt the propriety of fashionable costumes coming to us from the great emporiums of taste and magnificence. In more serious concerns the splendor of one great action will sometimes procure a stock of reputation sufficient to last a man for his life; and he may quietly repose on his laurels without the trouble of nourishing them; or as the proverb quaintly expresses it, "he who has got his name up may lay abed till noon." Every one has heard of the almanack maker who accidentally marked in his ephemeris that snow would descend in May, it chanced that his words proved true, and for a long time afterwards nobody could sell an almanack but himself; he was the weatherwise prophet in whom every body trusted, and whose reputation it would take a great many accidents to overturn. Now, what assisted the almanack maker, has been of great service to many authors besides, that is a lucky chance that happened to catch the fancy, or interest the feelings of the reader—a few such fortunate occurrences soon

give reputation, and the kind words of those who are really pleased, induce similar remarks from others who purchase books as they become fashionable, and express those opinions only for which they can produce standard authority. Many persons are desirous of being thought wise, and comparatively few are willing to undergo the labour that will make them so ; it becomes easier therefore to borrow from the stock of other men's information, than to acquire a proper quantity by industry, and very little less imposing to retail the opinions of others, than to originate them one's self—Hence it is that what has once been famous, retains its reputation with very little toil, secure from censure by the imposing splendor of its name ; while other men or other books less known, but of more value, have to glide along without notice, wasting their talents without acquiring honour, and losing the chances of preferment from the impossibility of making manifest their claim.

ALONZO.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 10.

Every one has his Fault (*Mrs. Inchbald*) *and the Sultan.*

Friday, Dec. 10.

Yet still shall calm reflection bless the night
When lib'ral *pity dignified delight ;*
When pleasure fir'd her torch at virtue's flame,
And mirth was bounty *with an humbler name.*

THE charity of the Boston audience never was more worthily bestowed, than on this evening. The play of *Every one has his fault*, was well chosen for the benefit of the orphans of Mr. and Mrs Jones, as it naturally impresses the mind with the feelings of maternal sympathy, and excites to deeds of benevolence all the tender charities of the heart. The beneficence of the public was awakened, and we hope the unfortunate objects of the benefit have been in some degree relieved from the pangs of orphanage and penury.

The play before us has considerable merit. Mrs. Inchbald combines much chasteness of humour with some skill in pathetic ; her plots however are often more singular than natural, and her sentiments are more commonly the exertions of laboured thought, than the genuine effusions of passion. The design in the present piece, is to harmonize the jarrings, which are too often perceived in the world, by making her characters well pleased with each other by means of *flattery*. In prosecuting this design, she is often obliged to sacrifice propriety to convenience ; and although the end she aims at may be worthy of her philanthropy, the means by which she attains it are neither remarkable for their ingenuity nor commendable for their justice.

The character of *Harmony* we think over-drawn and tedious. The acquiescence to the will of others, is too much like servility : and the expedient of general flattery, has a constant *sameness* to contend with—Yet the goodness of his motives renders the part a pleasing one.

Mrs. Placid and Solus, are something like caricatures ; yet their humour gratifies though it does not satisfy the mind.

Mr. Irwin, is faithfully delineated ; such men too frequently are seen in the world. The other parts are in no respect very remarkable.

Mrs. Inchbald seems to have copied some German originals for many of her incidents, and we think we can trace a parallel between the principal incident of Lovers' Vows and this play. In Lovers' Vows, the *father* is robbed by the *son* for a *mother's* necessities ; and from this fact is a reconciliation effected.—In Every one has his fault, the father is robbed by the husband and son for the daughter's necessities ; and from this fact a reconciliation is effected.

The expedient of Lord Norland to *entrap* Miss Wooburn into a marriage with Harmony, neither consists with his character as a man of honour, nor with any circumstance of probability.

The play, on the whole, however, pleases ; its humour is neat, its sentiments generous, and the feeiings it excites are the most sympathetic in nature.

Mr. Caulfield undertook the part of Mr. Irwin ; the principal defects in his representation of this character are his whine or mouthing at the end of his periods, his *measured* words, and his manner of acting to the audience. Of the whine, it prevailed during most of the scenes of feeling with his wife, and this together with equal quantities of words being doled out between each pause of the voice, combined to render his performance uninteresting. Sometimes a natural manner sprung up, and seemed to confer a solidity to the part which made it respectable. This manner occured with Harmony in the Tavern scene. In general we might with propriety say to Mr. Caulfield as Cæsar said to one who was pronouncing before him, "*Do you speak or do you sing? If you sing, you sing very ill.*" Lord Norland, was sustained respectably by Mr. Usher; his morose honesty, and rigid discountenance to vice, were distinctly marked. He played the scene with Miss Wooburn well, and his first interview with his daughter was not wanting either in conception or execution.

Mr. Bernard's Sir Robert Ramble, was distinguished for its easy deportment and vivacity ; but the *broad* humour which he now and then gave to it, did not become the part. It was truly however the zest of the comedy.

Mr. Fox played Mr. Harmony, with success ; he should turn his attention to a more *gentlemanly* deportment in such parts. His voice we thought not so strong as we often have observed it ; nor so hesitating, as unfortunately it often is.

Solus, under the endeavours of Mr. Dickenson, gave us satisfaction ; it is of the same species with most of the characters in which he chiefly excels.

Placid by Mr. Downie, was heard and understood : this, as to him, is a praise we cannot always bestow ; and even *now* we are unable to say more.

Whilst we confess we have seldom seen Mrs. Powell appear to more advantage than on this evening in Lady Eleanor Irwin, we must also observe, the opinion we have expressed that her *forte* lays in sentimental comedy, is at the same time strongly enforced. The sympathy she excited with the child, was highly wrought, and accorded with the fine feelings of the audience. In this scene, the passage she uttered after the child informs her that he is the grand-child of Lord Norland, had universal effect :

"You are—you are his grand-child—I see—I *feel* you are ;—for I feel I am your mother."

The whole scene was undoubtedly the best played of any one in which she was engaged. Not but that she shone in the different scenes with her husband and father, we recollect the following sentence impressed us favourably.—Speaking to her husband, she says,

"*I would not lose the remembrance of you or of them, for all my father's fortune.*"

In many instances she rose to an excellence that surprised us the more, because it was unexpected.

From her performance this evening, we are still more impressed with the opinion, that if Mrs. Shaw would bend her attention to such parts as Mrs. Placid, she would shew her abilities to advantage, besides becoming a favorite with the audience.

The part of which we are now to speak, can only be mentioned in terms of approbation or passed over in silence ; and the reason is evident. We now say,. Mr. Fox's child in Edward, surpassed expectation, both in strength of memory and apprehension of the sense ; and in the gratification of the audience those who tutored it, must have received their recompence.

In general, all the parts were well filled. Those we have omitted we could have both praised and censured. The performance was conducted satisfactorily ; and few persons but were pleased in feeling at the same time the delight of conferring happiness on others, and deriving pleasure to themselves.

School of Reform (Coleman) and the Ghost. *Monday, Dec. 22.*

As you like it (Shakespeare) and Four Seasons. *Wednesday, Dec. 24.*

To no comedy of Shakespear are we more indebted for variety of character, force and elegance of original sentiments and singularity of wit than to the play of As you like it.

The story while it is simple, interests us for the fate of Rosalind and the Duke, and both the Fables of which the plot consists contributes to the general catastrophe. The mind is agitated rather from the striking sentiments and wit of the dialogue, than from any passionate concern in the fable.

Jaques " wrapped in a most humourous sadness," filled with benevolence and sensibility, is from this cause overflowing with indignity, when vice is in any degree triumphant. Led by his passions and affections, his humour, his gall, or his tenderness by turns occupy his mind, and his thoughts are no sooner formed than uttered.

Orlando is a character of great interest; as a lover, one of the best on the stage.

Touchstone's folly is the concealment, from behind which his shafts of wit are driven; and by reason of this guise his severity is not felt, and

—" his taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man."

Dr. Johnson says, " I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship." When this play is well represented it never fails of producing gratification to the audience.

The performance on this evening, as regards acting was truly respectable; but the play was curtailed and mutilated, and so far is liable to strong objection.

Mr. Caulfield in Jaques, was the man " who could suck melancholy from a song," he was the unsocial being discribed by the bard of nature.

The " *Seven Ages*," was given with great justness in conception and delivery; his manner was more discriminating and natural than we have ever before observed it.

The description of " *the fool in the forest*" was uttered well; though rather forced and strained in the laugh. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the Jaques of Mr. Caulfield, though he omitted many occasions in which he might have shown more of the character, the best the Boston audience has seen.

Mr. Bernard's Touchstone never was more inimitable; several points were introduced in the part, which we had never before seen given. His sleeping, while Rosalind and Celia were bargaining with the Shepherd, was well designed; and his vivacity in many instances, which it would he tedious to insert, added new life and force to his personation.

Adam, we have never seen better done than by Mr. Dickenson this evening; *he* never did half so well before.

The Duke Senior, Mr. Usher personated with some success; but he did not *endeavour* to make it as conspicuous as it may be made.

Rosalind, by Mrs. Stanley. We could not but be surprised at the new beauties given to this part by the colouring of Mrs. Stanley. But she was imperfect in recollection; the short notice she probably received must account for it. The beauties we most particularly remarked were the passages wherein she pretends to have *counterfeited* her sensations at the sight of Orlando's handkerchief.

Ros. Ah sir, a lady would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited; heigh ho!

The epilogue must have been spoken consummately well, as at the conclusion, Mrs. Stanley was greeted with six universal expressions of rapturous applause.

Mrs. Usher, filled Celia quite respectably. The same may be said of Mrs. Dykes in her part. In truth, we have not often observed a play which throughout was better performed; and notwithstanding our displeasure at the unwarrantable curtailments and alterations of the comedy, it must on the whole command our unequivocal approbation.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PERHAPS there is no character so seldom to be met with as that of a man who is stricly reasonable in the value he sets on property, who can be liberal without profusion, and economical without avarice.

Though every man cannot arrive at the *perfection* of taste, yet it may be necessary he should be sufficiently instructed not to be deceived in

his judgment concerning the claim of it in others. To this end the following queries may be applied with singular advantage. Is the pretender to taste *proud ?*—Is he a *coxcomb ?*—Is he a *spendthrift ?*—Is he a *gamester ?*—Is he a *slanderer ?*—Is he a *bad neighbour ?*—A *sham* patriot ?—A *false friend ?*—By this short catechism, every youth, even of the most slender capacity, may be capable of determining who is *not* a man of taste.

It should be a rule to *suspect* persons who insinuate any thing against the reputation of others, of *that vice* or *error* with which they charge their neighbours; for it is very unlikely that their insinuations should flow from a love of virtue. The resentment of the virtuous, towards those who are fallen, is that of pity, and pity is best discovered on such occasions by silence.

THEODERIC, ARCHBISHOP OF COLOGNE.

"This prelate was illustrious in his line for his talents, erudition, and morals. One day the Emperor Sigismond asked of him instructions to obtain happiness. "We cannot, Sire, expect it in this world."—"Which, then, is the way to happiness hereafter?"—"You must act virtuously."—"What do you mean by that expression?"—"I mean," says Theoderic, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct, which you promise to do whilst you are labouring under a fit of the gravel, gout, or stone."

LONG SPEECHES.

"An orator, at a meeting during the troubles of the League, began a speech with premising, that he should divide the subject he was about to treat of, into thirteen heads. The audience were heard to murmur, and to interrupt this formidable beginning. "But," continued the orator, "to prevent my being too prolix, I shall omit a dozen of of them."

TALKERS AND HEARERS.

Society is often pestered by some of those intolerable babblers who delight in their own wisdom, and are never so happy as when able to communicate it. There are some pointed remarks at them in the following sentences:

Men are unwilling to be *hearers* in society; and we find, invariably, that precisely those who will not listen one moment to the narration of another, require the most profound attention and unwearied nods of approbation, for their own.

The *perfect* hearer should be composed by the same receipt the Duc de Sully gives for making a great statesman. He should have little feeling—and no passions.

The hearer must never be drowsy; for nothing perplexes a talker, or reader of his own works, like the accident of sleep in the midst of his harrangue: and I have known a French talker *rise up and hold open* the eyelids of a Dutch hearer with his finger and thumb.

An hearer *must not squint*. For *no lover* is so *zealous* as a *true talker*, who will be perpetually watching the *motion of the eyes*, and always suspecting that the attention is directed to that side of the room to which they point.

An hearer must not be a *seer of sights*. He must let an hare pass by as quietly as an ox; and never interrupt a narration by crying out at the sight of an highwayman, or a mad dog. An acquaintance of mine *lost a good legacy* by the ill-timed arrival of a coach and six, which he discovered at the end of an avenue, and announced as an acceptable hearing to the pride of

the family. But it happened to be at the very time the lady of the house was relating the critical moment of her life, when she was in the greatest danger of breaking her vow of celibacy.

An hearer must *not* have the fidgets. He *must not* start if he hears a door clap, a gun go off, or a cry of murder. He must not sniff with his nostrils if he smell fire; because, though he should save the house by it, he will be as ill rewarded as Cassandra for her endeavours to prevent the flames of Troy, or Gulliver for extinguishing those of Lilliput.

CIRCUITOUS JUSTICE.

A countess, handsome enough to prejudice the most rigid judge in favour of the worst cause, was desired to take the part of a colonel in the army against a tradesman. The tradesman was in conferrence with the judge, who found his claim so clear and so just, that he assured him of success. At the moment, the charming countess appeared in the anti-chamber. The judge ran to meet her. Her address, her hair, her eyes, the tone of her voice, such an accumulation of charms were so persussive, that in a moment he felt more as a man than a judge, and he promised the lovely advocate that the colonel should gain his cause. Here the judge was engaged on both sides. When he returned to study, he found the tradesman in despair. 'I have seen her,' cried the poor man out of his senses, 'I have seen the lady who solicits against me, she is as handsome as an angel. O Sir! my cause is lost.'—'Put yourself in my place,' said the judge, quite confused. 'Could I refuse her?' and saying this, he took an hundred pistoles from his purse, which was the amount of the tradesman's demand, and gave them to him. The lady heard of this; and as she was scrupulously virtuous, she was fearful of lying under too great an obligation to the judge, and immediately sent him the hundred postoles. The colonel who was as gallant as the lady was scrupulous, repaid her the money, and so in the end every one did what was right. The judge feared to be unjust, the countess was cautious of lying under too great an obligation, the colonel paid his debt, and the tradesman received his due.

TOBACCO.

The Marrow of Complements (Lond. 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco:—

Much meat doth gluttony procure
To feed men fat like swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine.
He needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers ends to wipe,
That hath his kitchen in a box,
His roast-meat in a pipe.

PAINTING.

How soon likenesses were taken would be worth enquiry. It is told of Andreas de Orgagna, a Florentine, who died aged sixty years, in 1389, and was buried in Florence, that "He painted the Judgment, where he placed in hell most of his foes that had molested him, and among the rest a scrivener, whose name was Ceccho de Ascoli, and known for a notable knave in his profession, and a conjuror beside, who had many ways molested him. He was by children and boys discerned to be the same man, so well had he expressed him to the life."

Extracts from "The Miseries of Human Life."....Continued.

MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

Sen. Starting for a long ride, on dinner engagement, without a great coat, in a mist, which successively becomes a mizzle, a drizzle, a shower, a rain, a torrent:—on arriving at the house, at last, completely drenched you have to beg the favour of making yourself look like a full or an empty sack, by your host's *untractable* clothes.

Tes. The flap of a limber saddle rolling up, and galling, and pinching your calf, just above the half-boot through a long day's ride.

A very hard-trotting horse, who sets off before you have discovered that the stirrups are too long to assist you in humouring his jolt;—then, trying in vain to stop him.

Beguiling a long distance in a carriage, at night, over an execrable road, with a drunken coachman, jaded horses and frightened ladies.

At the moment when your horse is beginning to run away with you, losing your stirrup—which runs away too; and bangs your instep raw, as often as you attempt to catch it with your foot.

Being mounted on a beast who, as soon as you have watered him on the road, proceeds very coolly to repose himself in the middle of the pond, without taking you at all into his counsel, or paying the slightest attention to your vivid remonstrances on the subject.

A coach-window-glass, that will not he put up when it is down, nor down when it is up.

On opening your trunk, after a long journey, discovering that the snuff contained in an ill-packed canister, has "burst its cearments," and grimed itself into your clean linen, &c.

On arriving at an inn, half-drowned, and half-frozen, in an open carriage, and eagerly flying for your life to the kitchen fire, as the warmest place—being, every instant, humped, bumped, hustled, bustled, scalded, and scolded, from your post, by a mob of red-hot cooks and scullions, waiters, &c. as they are in the full fermentation of getting up two or three large dinners.

Sen. *There* was both the "stare loco nescit," and the "et tremit artus." *Virg.*

Tes. In a bleak ride—to be kept freezing at a turnpike-gate for half an hour, while you fumble in your pocket, with a thick glove on (which you have not courage to take off) for pence to pay;—your fingers being so cold, that, even without a glove, they could not feel the difference between a handkerchief and a halfpenny.

Evening relaxation for two, at a bad inn:—on asking for a back gammon-board, seeing one brought in, in ruins—the men half lost, and the dice quite: if you are still bent on playing, you supply the deficiency of the former with wafers, pocket-pieces, lip-salve-boxes, cut cards, &c. and of the latter with bits of cork, shaped out as you can, burning out the dots with a red-hot fork, which, in your hurry, occasionally jerks off, and drills a *deuce* or two extraordinary in your hand——

Ned Tes

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
When we do *quicken*."

This is Horace's

"*Periculosæ* plenum opus *aleæ*."

with a vengeance!

Tes. I won't be interrupted, Ned!—*(he reads on)*

——deuce or two extraordinary in your own hand; and when all is done, your dice might as well be cogged; for, from the great difference you have made in the breadth of their faces, they turn up, 99 times in 100, the same numbers.

Your carriage-horses all at once standing inflexibly still, just as you are entering, late in the evening, upon Hounslow-heath, with half your income in your pocket, and no pistols to guard it.

Discovering, at the end of a long and fatiguing journey, that you have involuntarily lightened your carriage by leaving, two or three hundred miles behind, the box of letters, papers, account-books, &c. which constituted the sole object of your expedition.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

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Mr. Henry Siddons has prepared for immediate publication a full and copious work on the Theory of Gesture and Action, which is to be illustrated by upwards of sixty engravings of characteristic figures, by an amateur. The foundation of his Treatise is the well-known work of M. Engel, which he has in a certain degree translated, with such variations and additions as the practice of rhetoric in England rendered necessary.

Dr. Croth, Lecturer on the Science of Music at the Royal Institution, proposes to publish the first volume of Specimens of various Styles of music.

Mr. Johnes, the translator and publisher of Froissart, is engaged in a new version of Joinville.

Dr. Gilbert Geyard's Institutes of Biblical Criticism, read in the University and King's College, Aberdeen, are in the press.

Mr. Nicholson has in his Journal given directions by which a person may save himself from drowning, if he chance to fall into the water. The results of Mr. Nicholson's reasonings are, that if a man fall into deep water, he will rise to the surface by floatage, and will continue there, *if he does not elevate his hands*, and that the keeping them down is essential to his safety. If he move his hands *under* the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him free liberty to breathe. And if, in addition, he move his legs exactly as in the action of walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. He has himself been witness to the success of the experiment.

A Danish Dictionary, on a plan similar to that of *Dictionaire de l' Academie Francoise*, which is intended to fix the orthography and form the standard of the language, has for some time been hand, and is already in some degree of forwardness. It is undertaken at the expence, and conducted under the direction, of the Royal Danish Society of the Sciences, and the most distinguished literati of the country are engaged in the execution of it, having divided among them the different letters of the alphabet.

In Prussia the potatoe is cultivated with peculiar success. As the stalk grows, the earth is heaped up, leaving only three leaves at top. The roots are thus greatly increased, and the produce is said to be astonishing.

M. DE LA LANDE's annual medal for the best work on astronomy has been adjudged by the French National Institute to M. Svannerg, a Swedish astronomer, who has lately published an Account of the measuring of a Degree in Lapland, shewing the error that has been made in measuring it in 1736.

The Imperial printing establishment at Paris affords constant employment to 400 workmen, besides a number of women, who fold and stitch the pamphlets and laws printed there.

Demeter Alexandrides, M. D. of Tyrnawa, in Thessaly, has translated Goldsmith's History of Greece into modern Greek. The first volume, accompanied with a map of ancient Greece has already been published.

Two Greeks, the brothers Zozima, are applying part of their fortune towards a new edition of all the ancient Greek, Classics from Homer down to the time of the Ptolemies, under the superintendance of their countryman Coray. This collection, which is to be printed by Didot, is intended for such of their countrymen as wish to learn the ancient language of their forefathers. It will be delivered gratis in Greece to diligent scholars and active teachers; and a considerable discount will be allowed to such wealthy patrons of learning as buy copies for the purpose of presenting them to poor students. *(Mon. Mag.)*

Kells Pitt, near Whitehaven, the property of Lord Lowther, has recently undergone a thorough repair. The pit is 118 fathoms in depth from the surface to the main band seam of coals; and it is in other respects the most remarkable of any in the kingdom for extent of field without interruption from dykes, being from north to south 2400 yards, and from east to west, already explored, above 1000 yards. It is also now extended upwards of 90 yards *under the sea*, from high water mark, and is as promising as at the first working.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Stranger has chosen an interesting subject and executed it with great skill. We regret, not receiving the communication in time for this number.

The BATCHELOR will delay his further visits.

We inform "*a friend*" that we have already had our attention on the learned scetch of the history of literature by La Harpe, and if on consideration we shall think its republication consistent with a *necessary variety*, shall be happy to enrich our numbers with so elegant and learned performance.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....25.

THE METAMORPHOSED MOLE AND THE LAMB.

'Tis granted that no charm is seen,
More pleasing than a modest mein:
Yet nothing meets with more disgraces,
Than awkward airs and blushing faces,
This maxim as a medium hold,
Be not too backward, nor too bold.

A vagrant Lamb, to shun, one day,
The sun's intolerable ray,
Enter'd a cave. From out her hole,
Dusty and sad appear'd a Mole.
Each stares with wild, astonish'd look,
The Lamb at length the silence broke.

It ne'er has been my chance to find,
A friend so fashion'd to my mind;
No longer breathe this stifled air,
With me to healthy hills repair,
Come and enjoy the solar ray,
And bring your virtues into day;
The dewy lawn, the flowery field,
New raptures to your heart shall yield.
But why so slow? what fate severe
Has fix'd such worth and beauty here?

My humble state the Mole replied,
Is owing to my want of pride.
For human nature once I knew,
I saw, I blush'd, and I withdrew.
A female's faultless form I bore,
That belles might envy, beaus adore.
But ever fearful to offend,
I sought no charm that airs could lend;
Yet scandal titter'd round the ring,
I felt the smart of envy's sting,
Yet for no secret vengeance pray'd;
To shun contempt I sought the shade.
Ah! where can innocence appear
Secure! for malice found me here.
Patience expired, with rage enflam'd
I rose, and impiously exclaimed:
Hide me, ye powers, from taunts & lies,
From sland'rous tongues and envious eyes;
Let me beneath the ground be hurl'd,
Or view the vices of the world.
I've heard too soon the rash petition,
And placed me in this low condition.
Yet only changed my outward frame,
My disposition's still the same.
Shrunk to this mean and narrow bound
And doom'd to grovel in the ground;
My heart retains no wish to shine,
But loaths the *human face divine.*
Such is my fate, to me 'tis given
To hate the cheering orb of heaven.
Pomonia ripes her fruit in vain,
Tho' bounteous Ceres glads the plain,
Bacchus with rosy hand profuse,
Pours forth the tide of purple juice,
And Flora decks the fields with flowers,
Still nothing soothes my pensive hours;
Not I, however make my moan,
In sad despondency alone.
Thousands, who wit were known to inherit,
Have lost their sense for want of spirit.
They mostly are deserving praise,
Who court the world and know its ways.
What's wit, unknown to fostering taste?
A diamond in the watry waste.
What beauty, too, if none descry
Her love-insinuating eye?
A rose in desert wild, I ween,
That blossoms and decays unseen.
And when behold, how hard the case
Of beauty destitute of grace!
If artless innocence be seen
Without an elegance of mein,
How is her simple bosom torn,
With ridicule contempt and scorn.

She spoke, and underneath the clay
Incessant work'd her burrowing way.

SELECTED.

CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

By Peter Pindar.

Here sleeps what was *innocence* once, but its snows
Were sullied and trod with disdain;
Here lies what was *beauty*, but pluck'd was its rose,
And slung like a weed to the plain.

O Pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
Who fell the sad victim of *art*;
E'en Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
A pearl of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh, or a tear,
Can offend of all Nature the God;
Lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
And the lilly will bloom on her sod.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE BANK OF A RIVER.....PROPER TO BE READ AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

A LITTLE while, O traveller! linger here,
And let thy leisure eye behold and see
The beauties of the place; yon heathy hill [green:
That rises sudden from the vale so
The vale far stretching as the view can reach [here,
Under its long dark ridge—the river
That, like a serpent thro' the grassy mead, [sight:
Winds on, now hidden, glitt'ring now in
Nor fraught with merchant wealth, nor fam'd in song
This river rolls an unobtrusive tide;
Its gentle charms may sooth and satisfy
Thy feeling. Look, how bright its pebbled bed
Cleams thro' the ruffled current; and that bank [edg'd swords:
With flag-leaves border'd as with two-
See where the water wrinkles round the stem
Of yonder water-lilly, whose broad leaf
Lies on the wave; and art thou not refresh'd [stream?
By the fresh odour of the running
Soon, traveller! does the river reach the end [cent,
Of all its windings; from the near as-
Thou wilt behold the ocean where it pours [thou,
Its waters, and is lost. Remember
Traveller! that even so thy restless years
Flow to the ocean of eternity. A.

There is elegance and conviction in the following sentiment which Home puts into the mouth of Gustavus Vassa.

Who knows no fault, my friend, knows no perfection,
The rectitude that heaven appoints to man;
Leads on thro' error, and the kindly sense,
If having stray'd endears the road to bliss,
It marks heaven's way more pleasing. O my brother
'Tis hence a thousand cordial charaties
Derive their growth, their vigor and their sweetness.

EPIGRAMS.

On a beautiful young lady, beholding herself in a stream.

Behold these waves! ah! never at a stay!
How swift their course! how soon they glide away!
Each virgin's envy now, and lover's theme,
Thy beauties, *Myra*, are that fleeting stream:
Each after each, which shall too soon retire,
Thy' brow resign its light, thy eyes its fire:
Myra be lost—new wonders to supply,
That other *Myras* may be born—to die.

Love not a security against cold.

Poor *Hal* caught his death, standing under a spout,
Expecting till midnight when *Nan* would come out:
But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the water that quench'd the man's flame.
"Whoe'er thou art that read'st these moral rhymes,
"Make love at home, and go to bed betimes."

The Unreasonable.

Fickle is vext at heart, he says, to see
His *Lady* look on him so scurvily:
Thou art a most unconscionable man,
Would'st have the girl look better than she can?

On a married state.

The bed unchaste, the harlot's eye,
A while their captives may allure;
Beauty, and guiltless love supply
A passion always to endure.
Where hearts by virtue warm'd, unite,
Fate throws its angry shafts in vain;
This doubles ev'ry soft delight,
And looses every woe and pain.

No time lost.

Why all this stir, at *Myra's* house?
She took, last night, a second spouse
Then why that hatchment, friend, I pray?
Her *first* was buried yesterday.

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